

Pretty Princess, Pretty Thighs

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Pretty Princess, Pretty Thighs

by [dummywithnoserotinin](#)

Summary

“I mean, I mean you could’ve - well...” He trailed off again, sighing and dropping eye contact. “Done something without waking me up.” He whispered, glancing up at Dream’s face only to gauge a reaction.

Or, Dream lives up to his name, and George finds a solution.

Notes

thigh fic! somnophilia, overstim. abt 2k(?) words of buildup, 6425 in total

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It wasn't *that* bad, Dream thought, it was a normal thing that everyone thought about. He wasn't weird for thinking about it so much, it's not like no one had ever done it before. Right?

Yea! Of course, everyone thinks about their boyfriend's thighs obsessively - constantly. It wasn't an obsession. Definitely.

It wasn't even his fault! George was the one who felt most comfortable in skirts and thigh highs! How could he *not* stare at him constantly? The bits of his thighs exposed, pale skin jutting out from the dark thin thigh highs. They were from Hot Topic, because apparently George liked those the best - he didn't know why; Dream would buy him skirts and thigh highs and crop tops made out of cloth *gold* if he asked.

But, it was still incredible - he could go on for hours and hours about how much he liked George's thighs. Sometimes it would just be with thigh highs, sometimes just with a skirt. When the skirt was neglected, George's thighs would be on full display, a hoodie just barely covering his boxers giving the impression he was purely in *just thigh highs and a hoodie*. Dream didn't drool at the thought.

Before George came to America, it wasn't a problem, it wasn't often that he saw George's lower half, the only times being if he got up with his camera on in discord, or late night calls that George didn't care where his camera ended up. When he started getting comfortable around Dream and Sapnap though, that came with the problem. Obviously, Dream and Sapnap didn't care if he wore skirts and thigh highs, and either an oversized hoodie or a crop top. (Sapnap swore he saw panties once - but didn't say anything for fear of Dream shutting down or going completely insane.)

Well, at least Sapnap didn't care, Dream on the other hand. He did a little more than care. It didn't take long for the other two to notice the longing stares, the flushed cheeks when George was sleepy and in nothing but boxers and a hoodie, the awkward coughs and bathroom trips when the Brit got just *a little* too close.

It didn't take long for a solo movie night, Sapnap editing, to happen either. And slowly but surely the two got closer during the horror movie. They both hated horror movies, George knew that, and he'd picked one to test a little theory he had going. So when Dream's attention was more focused on George's exposed flesh, both at his midriff, neck, and legs, George turned to him with a big proud smile on his face, and kissed him.

And now, after six months? Something like that, everyone in the house had gotten used to hickeys

littering the brunet's thighs, moans that felt half assed in their attempt to be muffled, and a limping George every week.

One night, Dream woke up, sweaty and panting, and now desperate for George's thighs around his face. But he couldn't just wake up his boyfriend for being horny. Okay, so we go back to sleep! Simple.

Not simple. Turns out, going to sleep with a raging boner was harder than it seemed. So, a cold shower, next best thing. He didn't want to get off with his boyfriend sleeping right next to him; it felt wrong.

Carefully slipping out of bed, Dream glanced back to check and make sure George hadn't woken up, and smiled at the sight of his sleeping form, pushing some intrusive thoughts to the back of his head. Then focused back to the task at hand, and waddled awkwardly to the connected bathroom, opening and closing the door with funny precision. Once inside, he started the shower, regretfully turning it on in a cold setting, knowing he'd hate himself for the temperature in a little while.

Once in the shower, he flinched and shivered, trying to get used to the water. Deciding to actually shower—he hadn't in a while, it was gross honestly—he sighed and went with his regular shower routine.

He turned off the water and got out, walking back to bed with a towel around his waist to see George sitting up with a confused look on his face.

"Why are you taking a shower at 2 in the morning?" he asked the obvious, and Dream stood there awkwardly dripping water on the carpet and trying to figure out an excuse.

"Um - I - felt like it?" The blond sounded confused at his own words, which made George giggle at the obvious lie.

"Whatever, get dressed 'nd come back to bed, I'll ask in the morning, probably," George waved off the subject, laying down and burrowing himself deeper in the blankets. Relieved, Dream did as told and got into some sweatpants, laying down. George never really remembered when he woke up in the middle of the night and went right back to sleep, so it should be fine, right?

Wrong.

The next morning, Dream was eating cereal with his boyfriend across from him, Sapnap just sitting down next to him as George perked up from his phone.

“Why’d you take a shower in the middle of the night?” Dream choked on his food, having to recoil in his chair and cover his mouth as milk dribbled out. Sapnap started laughing, while George just tilted his head— *God* he looked so innocent.

“Um- Okay, well, that’s...” He trailed off, looking over to his friend for help who just shrugged with a knowing look. “I... I’ll explain.. Later.” The younger said slowly, getting a suspicious look from George, maybe he was finally catching on. I mean, really? Your boyfriend takes a shower in the middle of the night and is embarrassed about it, couldn’t he see context clues?

“Y’know, I think it was because -” Before he finished the sentence Sapnap’s mouth was covered, and in another moment Dream’s hand was licked and the morning devolved into a normal banter-filled morning.

And later that day, while Dream was sitting in his chair, practicing on his solo server, George rested in his lap sleepily and Dream wasn’t honestly sure if he was awake. The two found themselves like this quite often, in their own little world, doing their own thing. It was sweet, but with George so small in his lap, thighs bracketing his waist in *just* the right way, and completely still and pliant, he couldn’t help but get unfocused.

“George?” He murmured, sure the tone of his voice would give away what was happening in his mind- at least a rough idea.

“Mm?” Came the tired reply, followed by his boyfriend lifting his head from the crook of his neck. Why was he so fucking *cute* when tired? So innocent and pliant, not thinking about much but sleep.

Without verbally explaining, Dream surged forward and locked their lips, earning a surprised noise from George that only served to turn the spark in his stomach into a flame. His mind reeling just from the smallest noise, he sought out more, more, and *more*. Hands started to roam, trailing towards the smaller thighs, thanking whatever god existed that George chose to wear only boxers more often than not. Lips got rougher, teeth and tongue brought in quickly while more whimpers spilled from George’s mouth. And even when George tried to pull away, catch his breath, Dream only leaned forward more, a growl releasing from his throat as if to say, ‘ *You don’t go until I let you* ’ and if that wasn’t hot to George nothing was.

Eventually, though, the blond let him go, revelling in the spaced out look on his face, lips bit red and open to pant. Then they twisted into a knowing smirk, leaning back close to Dream's face, one tiny hand dropping onto his own thigh over the other's hand, the other gripping at his shoulder for a grounding mechanism. "Is this why you took a shower the other night?"

Embarrassment slapped him in the face, breaking his dominant presence immediately while his face grew red and he gave a bashful smile. Pausing, he thought carefully about his response. "Maybe," He whispered, and received a smile from his partner, comforting, a bit apprehensive, and lustful.

"You could've woken me up," The Brit commented, leaning down and pressing kisses to his neck, swollen lips hot against his skin.

"Felt bad," Dream replied breathlessly as the kisses turned into nibbling, his head leaning back on instinct to give more room.

"Or," He felt the pause, the intake of breath, and the hesitation between his next words. He prompted with a 'Hmm?' and he felt George bury his face against his neck again. "You could have not," Came a mumbled answer, that made Dream raise an eyebrow.

"Mhm, that's what I did, princess. Did I kiss you stupid?" Dream teased, and sat up more, gently tugging George's face out of his neck.

"No." George made a frustrated noise, his cheeks gathering color as he toyed with his lover's fingers.

"What's up?" Dream asked, tilting his head, concerned he'd done or said something wrong. What *did* George mean? He hadn't woken him up, that was the whole thing that caused this string of questions.

"I mean, I mean you could've - well..." He trailed off again, sighing and dropping eye contact. "*Done something without waking me up* ." He whispered, glancing up at Dream's face only to gauge a reaction.

"I could've?... *Oh* ." He suddenly understood— and God he couldn't deny the thought of that was unbelievably hot. "Really?" The Floridian asked, his eyes slightly wide at the thought, touching George in his sleep, even fucking him if he did it slowly enough, the boy waking up confused and

all horny, whimpering out questions. *Fuck* .

“Yes, really, I did suggest it, didn’t I?” George said, brattiness edging his tone. Dream would gladly indulge him in whatever he wanted, but right now he wanted to talk about what George had just proposed. How far he could go, if he should clean him up after, things like that.

“Okay, okay, you can be all bratty later, can we talk about this? Like, I wanna know boundaries and stuff - what I should do after, like if you don’t wake up, or what I should do if you *do* wake up, y’know?” Dream asked, worried tone hiding behind an excited one, and George hummed, seeming to straighten up and get less playful.

“Okay well, you know my normal boundaries, so just follow those. And if you’re not sure of something, ask me. If you’re not sure about doing something while I’m asleep and you want to do it, don’t do it and ask me the next day.” George explained after some thought, trusting Dream enough not to do something that went against his basic boundaries, which were very few. “And - no like, knife play while I’m asleep. I know I’m into it normally but not when I’m asleep.”

Dream nodded along with the words, “Okay, so normal boundaries, ask if I’m not sure, and hard no on knifeplay?” He asked for clarification, and got a nod in response. “So then what about after I’m... done, I mean, if you don’t wake up?”

George furrowed his brows, thinking about the question hard for a moment. “Honestly, as long as you don’t do anything crazy like throw me down the stairs I don’t care much. If you feel like cleaning up, you can, if not, I think waking up covered in whatever you leave me with would be pretty hot. But tell me the next day if you don’t clean me up, yea?” His voice went more light and teasing at the end, smirking down at Dream from his perch on the taller’s lap.

Dream thought for a little, looking at George and the absolutely *filthy* look he had on his face now, and decided they’d covered the basics. Like George said, he could ask later.

So, he pulled George close once again and kissed him.

It seemed like every night George was waiting for Dream to wake up horny, everyday he woke up just a little disappointed to find himself completely clean, and no little mention of defiling him during the night from Dream.

3 weeks since that conversation, of George waiting, and Dream thinking. Now, Dream just couldn't get George's thighs out of his head, especially when he posted that video of him unboxing the corpse hoodie - for everyone to see. He saw so many twitter users' thoughts on them, and wanted to scold George for posting it. It didn't feel fair, though, because he knew he didn't mean it like that, and that anything George would've posted like that would have had *some* comments about it. And plus, the viewers didn't know George was *his* .

That needed to change. One day, one day it would.

But as he scrolled through another edit of George, pictures of his legs in those damn shorts, legs the slightest bit spread, he decided to call it off for the night. George was already asleep, so he turned off his monitor and got in bed.

Dream woke up, midnight, dark and the only light a forgotten lamp barely shining the only light, and he had a raging boner. Groaning in the back of his mind, he briefly closed his eyes, thinking to just go back to sleep. But as his eyes lit up with images of George's thighs, bitten red and shaking, he remembered.

He didn't have to wait .

He sat up maybe a bit too quickly, his heart going quicker as he looked over to George's sleeping frame. He was on his side, no blanket and only an oversized shirt and boxers. Florida heats had been too much for George since he got here, so blankets were a no, especially in the middle of june. And *fuck* Dream couldn't help but twitch at the sight, perfectly still, no little comments coming from him, and positioned *perfectly* so Dream could see his thighs pressed against each other unmoving and painfully unmarked.

It felt wrong, being aroused at George's sleeping body, having the urge to reach out and touch, pull the loose fabric up so he could see more of George, want to slip a hand around him and touch him until he came in his sleep. *Fuck*, that was a nice thought. His baby waking up, finding his boxers sticky and tiredly wondering what happened, not knowing what was done in the late hours.

At that thought flitting through his mind, Dream really couldn't control himself, and took the blanket off his body. Somewhere in the back of his mind, the moral part of him said this was wrong, even though he *knew* it was okay and had been given consent, there was that small little voice telling him it wasn't. Ignoring it, he turned on his side, seeming like he was going to spoon George, until his hand slipped under the shirt, causing an unconscious shiver to wrack the sleeping one's body.

Was George sensitive in his sleep?

The realization made Dream lean his head back and force an exhale, groaning softly to himself, overly aware of how loud he was being. Carefully, he moved the fabric until it was bunched by his shoulders, the part that was pinned against the bed by George's body a bit more difficult to get up. But once he did he was mesmerized by the soft breaths, his chest moving with a constant motion that he couldn't tear his eyes away from the pale expanse of skin. Again, unmarked. Humming, he cautiously brought his mouth onto the side of George's neck, which— it wasn't as clear of marks as the rest of him, but it was a good starting point to test if he didn't wake up.

A soft noise was made when he bit as softly as he could on the skin in his mouth, waiting for a moment before continuing, sucking softly for just enough time to make a lasting mark. Again, it triggered a noise from his boyfriend, but didn't make him wake up thankfully.

Slowly, Dream made his way down George's body, marks now covering his chest and stomach, carefully and slowly placed. Marking George seemed to be more of a priority than his erection, and now the slight bump in George's boxers. He needed everyone to know who George belonged to. But when even George started to get needy - maybe from a dream he was having - whimpering in his sleep, hips making small motions that had to be from desperation. Then Dream started thinking about how this would actually work.

He didn't want to wake George up, as fucked as that seemed, so prepping him, fucking him seemed like it would be too much. Of course, he could just jack off and cover George with his cum, but he wanted the fear of being caught, needed, maybe. So as his eyes trailed down, mind reeling with thoughts of things he could do to George, once his gaze met his thighs, he realized.

They'd done it once before, when George was too exhausted to keep going but Dream hadn't cum yet, his mouth also too sore, and Dream didn't want to just jack off or something. So they'd agreed that Dream could just.. Fuck George's thighs. That may have been the day he started his *big* obsession with George's thighs. The tightness when he clenched them, the soft feeling around him and under his hands. He would never forget that night.

Grinning lightly at his idea, he pushed his boxers down just enough so his dick popped out, and he had to bite his lip to conceal a groan from the too-brief moment friction, and the cold air hitting the sensitive skin. Then he reached an arm around George, oh so careful not to wake him up as he grabbed around for a bottle, and quickly found it, well loved and used. He placed the lube down for just a moment, taking one of the milky thighs in his hand and adjusting it. *So pliant*, is what his mind shouted, absolutely no resistance from the normally bratty sub.

Taking a breath, he made sure George's legs were where he wanted them, and picked up the bottle of lube and uncapped it, wincing at the loud '*pop*' in the quiet room. He poured it on his right

hand, then dropped the bottle and rubbed it onto his left, warming it and spreading it at the same time. Cautiously, he brought one hand to George's inner thighs, seeing the boy shiver from the feeling, but gave no signs of him waking up, while he spread a good amount of the liquid around his thighs. Even in the mostly dark room, Dream could see the sheen of his legs with the lube on them, and it made him whisper a soft "Fuck" aloud at the sight. Once his thighs had been lubed (maybe a bit more than needed) the blond used the extra lube on his hands to put on his dick, reveling in the touch. Biting down on his lip he sat there stroking himself to the sight of his boyfriend's slick thighs.

His mind still had the background thoughts about how this was wrong, but after the moments of stroking himself, Dream couldn't even think about listening to them. Moving his grip to the base of his dick, he placed his free hand on George's hip, squeezing the soft flesh and not caring about the mess he was getting on the marked skin. He scooted slightly forward, so his tip made contact with the back of his thighs, smearing more lube against them.

Dream took a breath, and gave one last look up at George's face - *sleeping face* his mind reminded him - before thrusting his hips forward into the creamy thighs. Exhaling sharply, he dropped his head on George's shoulder as the heat surrounded him, not nearly as tight as when George was awake, but *God* it felt good after a while without proper friction. Once his hips met George's skin, he waited there for a moment, looking down at where he was connected with the smaller one. Narrowing his eyes, he briefly remembered when they'd done this before, he could just barely see his tip poking out of the soft upper legs. The thought elicited a sudden buck of his hips, which also moved George enough so that his hand was over his erection.

Ghosting friction there seemed to make George tighten his thighs, a whimper slipping out of the pliant mouth. His eyes darted up to the lips, now open and tongue barely visible in the dark mouth, thinking that someday he would have to wake George up to a cock in his mouth. The thought made Dream throb, and he was reminded of the task at hand. Carefully, he pulled his hips back, and thrust back in, aiming up slightly and palming George to get the sensation of tightness around him.

Getting into a rhythm quickly, he got distracted and his hand dropped from the other's crotch, gaining a soft noise of unconscious disapproval, and loosening thighs around his erection. Just wanting better friction, he let out a quiet groan and grasped George's clothed cock, making quick motions over it that drew short broken noises from his mouth. The once again clenched thighs spurred him on, gaining speed in his thrusts and not caring about how George seemed more restless in his sleep now, even as a heavy sleeper.

Not long after, small messy circles were being made by George's hips, seeking more friction as he obviously got close, still asleep, just desperate in his sleep. Cruelly, Dream wondered how George would react to being edged in his sleep, and shakily pulled his hand away from the now-damp with precum boxers. The longest noise yet, a drawn out whine, came in reply, lower half starting to squirm while he tried moving his legs for whatever reason. Grunting, the younger grabbed the thigh on top maybe a little too harsh, but George never minded marks, placing it back where he wanted.

He almost commanded George to stay still, when he remembered the boy wouldn't hear him, and groaned aloud as he connected that with George being asleep. Why was that so hot?

Once the disappointment of being denied orgasm left George's mind, his thighs went soft again, and while the ability to grip them and see them bounce was intriguing, Dream kept craving the feeling of them tightening out of pleasure. So he brought back his hand, palming George messily as his mouth hung open with sounds of pleasure, accompanied by similar noises muffled by sleep from the other.

"*Shit*, baby," Dream moaned to no one, really, panting and starting to hear the slapping of skin from harder and harder thrusts. He didn't even notice George getting close again, only noticed as a prolonged moan came and thighs were shaking, the older's cock twitching under his grasp as he came. Unsurprisingly, the orgasm woke him up, and he began whimpering while squirming. "Stay *still*," Dream almost growled, his hand not leaving the now-awake man's softening dick, knowing he was driving him into overstimulation quickly.

"Dr'm? 'M mmm," His voice was beautifully slurred from sleepiness, "hurts," he murmured, trying to squirm away from the touch out of instinct.

"*Still*, George," He repeated, even if he knew it was unfair and George couldn't control it all that much, "Be a good boy," Was added with a mutter.

"Can't," George cried, "Pl'se, no more," He begged, and the tone came through Dream's mind a bit, a small red flag telling him to check in.

"Color?" He asked, forcing his hand to slow down for just a second, opening his eyes - when had he closed them? - to look at the mess that was his lover.

"Gr'n, gr'n, keep goin'," George murmured back, eyes only half open and seemingly still half asleep. With permission, Dream resumed his thrusts and the motions of his hand, met with a whimper of 'resistance' from George. "F'ck," he slurred, leaning his head back on Dream's shoulder who kept murmuring words of praise in his ear.

"Such a good boy," He panted, mind jumbled and trying hard to keep some semblance of dominance, even if there was no way George would fight back now. "Letting me use you in your sleep," His tone took a degrading turn, and the words caused a weak movement of George's hips. "Oh? You like being used without knowing? My little sleepy toy, hm?"

“S-Stop,” George whined, his voice giving away the real message; ‘You’re embarrassing me and I *love* it.’ Dream knew how much the brunet got off on being humiliated and insulted, so he just let out a low breathy chuckle.

“You don’t sound like you want me to stop, sweetheart, so you’d rather I would just..?” He phrased it like a question, moving his hand away from George’s cock, which had come back to half-mast. This elicited a groan of desperation, followed quickly by babbles of begging that weren’t all that coherent.

“Nono, Dream, please, pl’s, touch me, fuck, please!” Was the most coherent thing George got out, leaning his head back and looking at Dream with tearful eyes. Dream just smiled evilly, hips getting a bit faster and more reckless at his pain sadistically.

“You already came once,” Dream prodded, tone seeming disappointed, “And I haven’t come yet, are you that selfish, hm?” He prompted, earning yet another whine.

“Yes! Just - just touch, pl’s, Dr’mie,” His words got more slurred, the degrading sending him into subspace more and more, along with how tired he still was.

“Dumb slut,” Dream murmured, seeming noncommittal as he started touching George again, “Can’t even speak properly.” He said squeezing one of his thighs with a free hand.

“Oh! Th’nk you, th’nk you, Dream, f’ck,” George panted out while Dream started his quick thrusts again, the thrusts starting to stutter. Vaguely registering that that meant he was close, George crossed one foot over the other and squeezed his legs together. Dream let out a broken moan, biting down in a disheveled way on his shoulder. His thrusts sped up, letting go of the skin in his mouth to pant while his head started to float, getting so close he could *taste* it. Mumbled words came tumbling out of his mouth, not well enough put together yet to make any sense.

“Good boy, good baby, keep doin’ that,” Dream praised suddenly, “close, close, you w-want me to cum on you princess? All over your pretty thighs - *shit!*” He babbled slightly as he pushed his hips as close as possible to George’s, his hand palming harder against the smaller’s dick. Cum spurted from in between George’s thighs, some making it on his boxers and as a last minute thought Dream pulled all the way out, groaning as his cum coated the back of his baby’s thighs. “So, perfect, so pretty for me, just for me.” He commented, hand slowing down as he sat in the bliss of his orgasm, eyes glued on the white sticky liquid dripping all over George.

“Dr’m,” A whine brought him back to the present, followed by George bucking his hips into his hand. He chuckled breathlessly at the neediness from the sub, starting to move his hand as a second thought.

“Patience, love,” Dream panted, lazy movements of his hand not enough to get George close again. “Let me enjoy this for a moment, hm?” He teased, the buzz of orgasmic bliss slowly fading in his head. He could tease George, make him beg, but after the overstimulation and edging, he could tell the boy was getting pushed to the edge of his limits.

“*Dream - oh,*” The prepared bratty response was cut off as Dream pushed his hand into the sticky boxers, stroking him with quick motions compared to the slow pace from before. “Fuck, thank you, th’nk you,” He repeated over and over, fuzzy head seemingly not knowing any other words. Dream would’ve commented on how he was practically a mindless toy by now, but just focused more on giving George the most pleasure possible. The boy deserved it, after all.

“C’mhere, baby,” He commanded, “look at me, wanna see you ruined,” The blond added, making sure his voice was low and quiet just how George liked it, seeing a shiver run through his entire body at the tone. Not a moment after he was told, George turned to look at Dream, eyes glazed over with the feeling of subspace, tongue hanging out of his mouth and - *lipstick* Dream hadn’t noticed before smeared around his lips. Must’ve forgotten it before bed. If he hadn’t just cum, Dream would’ve gotten hard at the sight, honestly. “*God*, you’re so pretty, princess, you know that? You forget to take off your lipstick before bed?” He knew the sentences wouldn’t register all that much, but apparently the praise and nickname did.

George moaned louder than he had before, and pushed his lips against Dream’s messily, letting the other lead the kiss. Dream tugged at his hair, feeling the whimpers get more pitchy into his mouth, and more pathetic thrusts from George, “‘M close, close, Dr’mie,” He panted out while breaking the kiss, spit dribbling out of his mouth, down onto his chin.

“Cum, princess, cum for me,” He allowed, and watching the spit of his messy mouth made him impulsive. Quickly gather some spit in his own mouth before spitting into the ‘O’ shape that George’s mouth was in now. A broken moan spilled out, that was the last thing to send him over the edge, trying to swallow it but his delayed orgasm washing over him so powerfully he forgot about it the second he tried.

White clouded his vision, barely feeling Dream’s hands on him while he came, and barely remembered anything as he rode the high. Dream’s voice only cut through the haze after what seemed like forever in bliss.

“—by, can you hear me? You okay- there we go, hi sweetie, everything okay?” His voice was so soft George wanted to be hugged by it, and he smiled just at the thought. The dopey smile got the

response of a fond chuckle. “Mkay, I’ll take that as a yes. I’m gonna get us a shower, that okay?” Dream asked, even if he knew there wouldn’t be much of a coherent response.

“Mm,” George hummed in reply, and it sounded agreeing enough that Dream smiled. He pet George’s hair for a moment, then kissed his forehead. Then, wiping his hand off on his own sweatpants, knowing it would get annoying to clean out later but not caring much, he got up. He walked into the bathroom and warmed up the water, trying to be as quick as possible.

When he walked back into the room, his heart practically broke at the sight, George sitting up, teary-eyed in their bed. He rushed over, bouncing awkwardly on the bed as he slightly jumped onto it. “Hey, hey, what’s wrong? You okay? Did I hurt you?” He worried, not thinking about how George wasn’t processing words well right now, just cupping his cheek and looking at him concerned.

“Mhn-m,” George mumbled, shaking his head and leaning into his hand. Okay, at least he didn’t hurt him, but then, what happened.

“What happened?” He asked softly and slowly, hoping to get some words out of George. He was good at reading George when he communicated at least a little, but given nothing but sniffles and tears he had no idea what was wrong.

“Leave,” George said, sniffing, then reran the word in his head and shook his head. “Not—” he broke off, frowning deeply, annoyed at himself for lack of ability to speak.

Dream took a moment to piece it together, understanding George *didn’t* want him to leave, and furrowing his brows in confusion until he understood. “ Oh , baby, I’m sorry, I wouldn’t leave you, ever, ‘specially not like this. You know that right?” He asked, putting one arm under George’s knees, and the other supporting his back while he picked him up.

“Mhm,” The Brit nodded, leaning his head against Dream. Dream was incredibly aware of the mess on his boyfriend, preventing a wince at the feeling of drying cum and sweat against his own skin. “Jus’ scared,” He murmured.

“I’m sorry,” Dream apologized again, brushing some hair out of his face and kissing his forehead. “Now, you want a bath or shower?” He asked, as he clumsily scooted back on his knees until he could carefully put both feet on the floor.

“Bath,” George replied, the ‘th’ sound turning into more of a soft ‘f’ sound, which made Dream hold back an audible ‘*aww*’.

“Alright, you got it, I’m gonna put you down for a moment, to plug the drain and start the faucet, kay?” Dream asked for confirmation, opening the door by pushing it open with his hip, looking at George to see a small nod in response. “Okay, good boy,” He commented as he placed George onto the toilet seat, seeing a bright, badly hidden smile on his messy face from the praise. Dream smiled at his smile, and turned off the hot shower water, instead turning on the bath water and plugging the drain.

“Mkay, while that’s filling you want me to take off your lipstick?” Dream asked, walking back over to him and noticing there was some other makeup on, even a small bit of smudged eye makeup. “And the rest?” He added. George nodded, pointing over to where the makeup remover and cotton pads were. Dream nodded back and grabbed some cotton wipes, and the bottle of liquid that just seemed oily and gross to him.

“Blow,” George said as he brought the supplies back over and put them on the counter, already wetting one of the wipes with the solution.

“B-blow on it?” Dream asked, looking at him, confused, when met with nodding he blinked and stopped for a moment. Why would he..?

Despite his questions, he put the wipe to his mouth and blew, seeing some bubbles come out the other side. He assumed it would’ve worked better if he had.. Not blown from the side he put the remover on. Yeah that made sense. He winced and pulled the cotton away from his mouth. “I shouldn’t have put that side on my mouth,” He commented as he wiped his mouth off with a free hand. George started giggling at him, and he faked an offended look at the other, “Hey! I’m helping you, idiot, don’t laugh at me,” It was in a much more pouty tone than he meant. “Okay, c’mhere, lemme clean your pretty face,” The American complimented, just to see him blush a bit while he took his chin in one hand and wiped the bubbles all over his face with another.

“Like this,” George mumbled, grabbing Dream’s free hand once it set down the wipe and gently guiding it to rub the bubbles into his skin, makeup coming off quite easily with the motions. Dream mumbled something like ‘Kay,’ and started cleaning off George with his hands, being even more gentle on his eyelids and making sure not to get any of it in his mouth when cleaning the lipstick. Once he got it off, he wet a towel with warm water, carefully wiping his face off, which scrunched up at the texture of the towel.

“Sorry, sorry,” Dream chuckled, being as soft as possible with his motions without not getting anything off. “Good?” he asked, and George nodded; he felt clean enough, he could get what was missed off tomorrow.

“Bath now?” He requested, words still heavy and dry on his tongue, but easier to get out than while they were still in the bedroom.

“Course, yea,” Dream agreed, glancing over his shoulder to check the water level, seeing it a bit more full than he normally had it go. But it probably wouldn’t spill over.. It was fine. “Can I take your boxers off?” He asked, and took them off when given permission.

“Gross,” George commented at the sticky boxers, “Throw ‘em away,” he said, and Dream shrugged, mumbling an agreement as he threw them in the bathroom trash.

Then he slipped out of his sweatpants, and threw them in the laundry bin near the shower. “Arms up!” He said, and George did just as told, letting Dream drag his shirt up and over his head, leaving his hair in front of his face again while the shirt was thrown in the same laundry hamper. He smiled at George and picked him up, this time with his legs wrapped around Dream’s waist. Balancing George against himself, the younger turned off the water, and stepped in.

They both let out a relaxed sigh when submerged in the water, careful not to move around too much and spill water out of the tub. Dream nudged George’s head with his chin while cleaning up his thighs and stomach, avoiding sensitive areas. “You all good?” He asked, just to make sure. George nodded, “Still kinda nonverbal?” Dream added, and got a smile and another nod in response. “Alright, love you,” he kissed his head.

“Love you too,” George murmured back, surprising Dream slightly, in a way that made him grin happily.

God, he needed to do that again sometime.

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